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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Thinking in the dark.
My cellar has apples in its breath,
Potatoes even,
That smell of earth.

JAPANESE PICTURE

Trees on a marble island,
Birds with little brown backs
Is this Paradise?
Mountain of my heart
With pink and purple coloring,
Little houses on the river-bank—
Houses made of maple-sugar,
Distant tree,
Boats with blue sails;
Japanese people in silk
Hidden in the brown-sugar houses;
Yellow sky, pearl-colored ground,
River-ripples like the ripples in silk
Or a windy corn-field;
Hills of pink opal
And dewy seas
Did you answer my question
About Paradise?

TO A MOTHER

To a mother with hazel eyes and brownish hair,
And fingers quick as stars
That twinkle in night-cold air
Hair wound like a web of lacy sea-weed
Blue robes floating like the spring wind
The wind in a shadowy forest.
When the sun shines on the dew
My mother has a heart that loves me
And sings like a music.
Hilda Conkling (nine years old)